

them and they will quote the scripture, "He that provideth not for his own and they of his own household, has denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." Consequently they don't provide so well for their own family and don't give any thing to missions either. So the cry is being constantly raised, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Some raise that cry because the world does, and they are ashamed to not do the same. They belong to the church, but you can't tell it by their life, and they are ashamed to say they do so. They go on through life, you don't know what they believe and they don't know themselves. They have been crying, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." And at the last day the sentence will fall upon their ears, "Depart ye cursed I never knew you." But unto the righteous, "Come ye blessed of my Father inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Gillaspie, Va.

Home Circle.

TREASURE TROVE.

Once there was a little boy of the name of Johnny Lamalegs. He was a little over ten years of age at the time this story begins.

I don't know if you know where Hull street, in Boston, is. It runs up-hill from Salem street. From the tip-top of Hull street you may look down to the very foot of it. Right at the bottom stands old North Church, in the belfry of which was swung the lanterns for Paul Revere to see, nearly one hundred and twenty years ago, in order to warn Paul that the British were leaving Boston, to begin the War of the Revolution at Lexington. Paul Revere, you know, stood on the Charlestown shore with his horse, waiting in the dead of night to see those lanterns, and when he saw them he mounted his horse and galloped away by the Middlesex farms, and shouted to the farmers to look out for war on ocean and on land.

Johnny Lamaleg's house was just opposite to the old Copp's Hill burying ground, in which so many historical men and women are sleeping, and nearly opposite the Copp's Hill schoolhouse.

In those days, when Johnny Lamalegs was ten years old, it was a very nice place indeed in which we live. It isn't so nice now. The boys are rougher than they used to be, and the houses are not so new.

But there were some rough boys around there even then, and one day in their rough play Johnny hurt his leg so badly

that he had to go on crutches and keep away from school.

For some time after Johnny became lame his schoolmates treated him very respectfully indeed; but as the months went on they became more inconsiderate, and Johnny was so timid that he was afraid to venture out of the front door. So he spent all of his days in the back yard playing with his little darkey doll, his dog and his kitten. When he wasn't playing with them, he was making a little garden.

He felt that he had to do a good deal of digging to make a really fine garden, so he got a little spade with which to dig post holes, and in those holes he placed poles for his vines to twine about.

One day, when he was pretty deep in the very last hole he was to dig, his spade struck something that made a metallic ring. He thought at first it was a rock, but on digging deeper, what was his surprise to see a square, iron-bound oak box, rusty and worm eaten. He ran into the house and told his father all about it, and his father, in great excitement, went and looked down into the hole. Then he tried to lift the box, but it was too heavy for him; so he went and got a pick, and pried open the old lock and lifted the lid.

What do you suppose was in the box? Hundreds of old pieces of gold and silver—shillings, crowns and sovereigns, many with King George the Third of England's head upon them. They must have been buried there a long, long time, by some one in the last century, perhaps in the troublous days of the Revolution.

When the coins were all changed into American money, Johnny Lamalegs was worth over fifteen hundred dollars. With part of that money a good doctor was called in, who fixed up Johnny's legs until they were as good as new, and Johnny grew into a fine, strong man, and became a doctor himself.

He is now a very well known physician, and lives on Beacon Hill, just back of Beacon street, in Boston, and he is very good to poor children. He always takes care of them when they are injured, and never charges them a dollar for his services. His own narrow escape from being a cripple for life has made him very charitable and tender-hearted. At the time he thought it was terrible to be driven into his back yard by the rudeness of thoughtless boys, but now he knows that what seem awful misfortunes are very often blessings.—*Little Men and Women.*

"If you do not wish for His kingdom, do not pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it."

TWO GOOD TIMES.

"Pretty! pretty! pretty!"

Lulu was blowing bubbles.

"O, mamma! Do come and see how beautiful they are."

Mamma came, and watched while the little girl blew a larger one.

"Now—see!"

With a careful little jerk Lulu shook it off the pipe. She clasped her hands as it slowly rose in the air.

"See the colors in it," she cried. "Red and purple and green and gold. Why, mamma, they are like the flowers—or the birds. The colors are just as bright."

"Yes," said mamma, "there are so many bright-colored things in the world."

"I think," said Lulu, "it is very good of God to make so many pretty things for us to look at."

She went on blowing, thinking each bubble brighter than the last. Soon she heard a voice at the door.

"Let me blow?"

It was Willie, a little boy who lived next door.

"Yes," said Lulu. "We'll take turns."

But very soon she saw that Willie did not like to take turns. He wanted the pipe all to himself. At last Lulu went to her mother.

"Mamma," she said, "I wish you'd tell Willie to go home. He wants to blow all the time."

"I am sorry," said mamma, "but don't you think you can bear with Willie a little? He has been sick a long, long time, and has forgotten that he ought to do his share of giving up."

"But I didn't think it fair that I should do it all," said Lulu.

"That is true," said mamma. "But we all sometimes have to submit to what is not fair. Now, listen, my little one. You think it good of the Lord to make the bright things for us. It pleases you to see them. Just so it pleases him to see a little heart which for his dear sake is willing to show loving patience with others."

"I think I'll do it," said Lulu, with a smile.

"I've had two good times this morning," she afterwards said to mamma. "First it was the pretty bright bubbles, and then it was being good to Willie."

"MARVELOUS will be the revelations of that day when God's work shall have its accomplishment, its completion in its everlasting kingdom, and there shall be no more of sorrow, sighing, pain or death; but the perfect glory of the immortal state shall end all shadows, clouds and gloom, and bring in the reign of everlasting righteousness and peace and joy in the presence of the Lord Most High."